

APA-FIX

#41

FEB. 1989

♪ HAPPY BIRTHDAY ♪
♪ TO YOU, HAPPY--

ANNIVER

ISSU

Pardon me, but the song you are singing is copyrighted. If you continue singing, we shall be compelled to charge you royalties.

Boy, folk singing has changed a lot in the past ten years.

新編-歷史

卷之三

附錄



ANNEX

122



SING & FILE

41st Stanza, APA-Filk #41 : 10th Annish / Mark L. Blackman,
1745 E. 18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / Jan. 17;22, 1989

So APA-Filk marks its 10th anniversary. Filk has changed a lot in those years, from the informal room sings I remember to a multithousand-dollar industry with its own cons, and emphasis on performance, original tunes and production values, not to mention copyrights, royalties, feuds and concern with shrink-wrap.

There are frequently times I feel the hobby has left me behind. I know I don't get to as many filksings as I used to way back when. And, as I don't write music (and with current fears of using copyrighted tunes, it's harder to create filk if you don't), it's been ages since I last wrote a filksong.

DC Comics recently killed off its own "Wesley Crusher", the new Robin, inspiring the Batfilk "When the dead, dead Robin comes bob, bob, bobbin' along". But dead comics characters don't always stay dead;

3 years ago, when Marvel resurrected the pre-Phoenix Jean Grey ("Jean Grey Classic", I quipped to X-Men writer Chris Claremont), I filked "Joe Hill":

I dreamed I saw Jean Grey last night,
Alive as you or me.
But, Jean, said I, You're 6 years dead.
I never died, said she ...

& ----- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #40 ----- &

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: Nice con report. "The mess they call the World-con in New Orleans" is right. The concom tried to make a virtue out of putting everything together in 2 weeks. # Pousse-café> Is that what they mean by "drinking like a Fish"? // "A Starship Named Bob"> Don't you have any pride, Chanur? // See, there's "ose" and even "more ose". ("Morose" = moody, sour, surly.)

ANAKREON/John Boardman: "Real Old-Time Religion"> Yes, Harold Feld's "bless and keep 'em far from me" reminds me of "may G-d bless and keep the Tsar ... far away from us". Still, re your ribbing him about keeping kosher in New Orleans, I remind you that, just because they're there, one didn't have to partake of shrimp, catfish or crawfish any more than one had to sample the city's equally well-known whores. # Speaking of the Aesir, elsewhere Maia Cowan has filked:

Don't care if I'm rained or snowed in
Long 's I got my plastic Odin
Riding on the dashboard of my car.
Going ninety's okey-dokey
Long 's I got magnetic Loki [etc.]

Best line: "I drive with only one headlight". // ct me> I believe Troi is a civilian, but Dr. Crusher held the same rank as Riker, Commander. # And today, with air travel probably more common than rail travel, Alitalia is said to stand for "Always Late In Takeoff, Always Late In Arrival"; likewise El Al = "Every Landing Always Late". // ct you> North's indictment is being buried, reduced to a speeding ticket for running the shredder at too high a setting. # There is another tune for "Green Hills of Earth", the one used on radio's X Minus 1. // Terrorism is guerilla war against unarmed civilians. // Re "Yankee Doodle", interesting. The song has been filked in our time as:

Yankee Doodle came to town / Riding on a baby,
And everytime he turned around, / He saw a naked lady.

But, judging from "Yankee Doodle"'s appearance in its Chorus, the by-then patriotic song was also filked (my sourcebook calls it a poem, but it scans) by one of Jefferson's contemporaries versifying on his affair with Sally Hemmings:

Yankee Doodle, who's the noodle?
What wife was half so handy?
To breed a flock of slaves for stock
A black amour's the dandy.

The problem with Quayle was his hypocritical endorsement of the war for others to fight in. I don't care that he wasn't in 'Nam, but I do care that he wasn't marching on Washington to oppose the war. // Re "respect" for the national anthem, don't salute that flag - you don't know what politician last wrapped himself in it! // I see that military bands don't have to apply for NEA grants. My (namesake) grandfather was in a military band in the Dowager Tsarina's regiment, ca. 1900. // Re Willie Nelson, are you sure the "a" in "Waco" is a long one? mb

JERSEY FLATS #18, February 1989

Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn, NJ 07410-1124

Well, the Deed is Done...George Bush is President. Whoopee. Are we going to be a kinder, gentler nation? Will we have a thousand points of light? Probably not...but I'm all for a First Lady who admits to being a grandmother, doesn't dye her hair blonde, wears a size 18 dress off the rack, and invites ALL her grandchildren to the White House! Even a transplanted Texan is more hamish than that frozen slab of California herring who "borrows" designer dresses. Barbara Bush might even make fat fashionable again!

Most of my news is personal, not professional this time around. I missed PhilCon...I had to work that weekend, and it was pouring rain on Saturday, thus squashing any ideas I might have had about belting down just for the night. The only Cons I've been to have been Creation Cons, and thereby hangs a tale...

Creation Con, Thanksgiving, New York was a zoo...and along comes a character with a notebook who says he's from the NEW YORKER, and he's heard about fanzines...could I tell him about them? I bent his ear for the next two hours (missed Gates McFadden explaining why she got kicked off ST:NG)...and thought to myself, Oh gee! maybe they'll use this thing. Just being interviewed was kinky enough...and the next day, Mark Hamill wandered through, so I could get an autograph for my Filksong Album. Life could hold no more...

Until the next week, when I got another call from THE NEW YORKER. Could I verify a few facts? Which I did...and when they got onto the subject of K/S, I steered them to Leslie Fish. Let HER explain it!

And that is why, in the "Talk of the Town" section of THE NEW YORKER for December 12, 1988, there is a lengthy article on MOI! Modesty (and money) forbids me to reproduce it here, but most people seem to think it wasn't too bad. At least it didn't make me sound like a twit!

I have been furiously busy writing, but not filk...a ST:NG novel, which has been sent off to Jean Lorrah for possible submission through HER agent to Pocket Books. No dice yet on the "Futurespeak" project; Facts on File turned it down as being "not suitable for libraries", but I haven't heard from DAW or Avon yet. And my third "Merovingen" story was accepted and paid for. So now...on to the next!

One Con I didn't mention...Dreamwerkes, which is a new organization, that runs Cons in places like Scranton. They use the Masonic Temple, which really IS a Temple of Trek...built by the Robber Barons in the Bad Old Days before income taxes. The Masonic Temple in Scranton is full of pseudo-gothicisms: carved ceilings, flagged-stone floors, panelled walls. The main attraction for me was Patrick Stewart, who is incredibly charming and veddy British. He told how he got the part of Captain Picard and gave a few hints about the new season (this was in November, when it hadn't started yet.)

In fact, Stewart had had to stay on the set Friday till midnight...so he flew in to Philadelphia, then took a little one-engine job to Scranton, and arrived at 6:30 PM...and guess who had the job of entertaining the ravening hordes until he arrived?

Well, it's one way of introducing Neos to Filk...but talk about your captive audiences!

Upcoming Cons: February, March and possibly April: another Dreamwerkes in Scranton (Leonard Nimoy is the Star Attraction this time) And ClipperCon, and another Creation Con...then I'll see yez all at LunaCon AND BaltiCon two weeks later! There's a Creation in New Haven in April, and then my annual Trek out to Michegan for MediaWestCon.

No filk this time...but a plugplugplug for "The Trek Goes On", by Rogow and Baker, with all kinds of great stuff on it...Dave Maskin really outdid himself on this one. He's got everything from extra vocals to sound effects on it. Greg and I sound pretty good, too.

Additional comments: Star Trek:New Generation seems to be working out a lot of the kinks. I wasn't too thrilled with the romantic connection between Picard and Bev Crusher anyway, and it led to far too much speculation of the "is he Wesley's father?" sort. "Tattinger's" is being re-vamped, unfortunately...they're going to make it into a sort of upscale "Cheers". "Paradise" is a nice, gritty Western...kind of the flip side of "Little House On the Prairie." Grim details, and not so much sweetness and light. And be sure to watch the Jerry Lewis "arc" when "Wiseguy" comes around in reruns...if this doesn't net the man an Emmy nomination, there's no justice in the world. Jerry Lewis is painful as a comic, but he's a great emotional actor.

Enough blathering...catch yez at the Cons!

Kup on Truckin - AGAIN!

Roberta

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Down and Out In Boston and Princeton #7

Greetings Dept: At long last, finals are finished. Now the terror begins. In addition to the standard torture devices, P-ton inflicts a senior thesis as a condition of graduation. So, not only will I be taking a standard semester with attendant work, I will be producing 100+ pages of original work on Japanamania in England during the Ruso-Japanese War. This will be fun, in retrospect.

Comments Dept:

APA-FILK 39

For reasons unknown, my copy was collated wrong. Issues are upside-down relative to each other and themselves. SingSpiel/Blackman- Is someone running Filks at Lunacon this year?

Jersey Flats/Rogow- Raebnc

Dagon/Boardman- ct Stein> re War- With the exception of WWII, every war has had detrimental effects on the economy. Financing the Korean war caused inflation, minor recession, and so scared the American public about military spending that for the next eight years, Eisenhower increasingly shifted from conventional forces (expensive to maintain) to high tech weapons (known as 'getting more bang for the buck.'). The Vietnam war completely destroyed the economy, causing first inflation, then recession. Note: The stock market, which slumped consistently during the War, rallied every time there was a rumor of a settlement. See Matusow's The Unravelling of America. /re James II. There is no evidence to confirm that James II was a practicing Catholic (although Charles II did convert on his deathbed). James pushed for Catholic civil rights at a time when it was inexpedient to do so, and in such an obnoxious way that even his Catholic followers attempted to restrain him. James was challenging the Test Acts, that stated that only Anglicans could hold office. As a result, he made several very loud Catholic appointments, had friends sue the appointees, and brought the cases into what he assumed to be a friendly court. He aimed to create a number of test cases that would justify a royal appeal of the statute. However, his pet judge switched sides, leaving James exposed to accusations of challenging Parliamentary prerogative. James refused to back down. Things remained quite, on the assumption that James would be succeed by one of his Protestant daughters. The birth of James' son ruined the plan. In desperation,

Parliament repudiated the child, claiming that it was an adopted rather than natural child. From this exiled line came the Stewart 'pretenders' who were ultimately wiped out in the revolt of Bonnie Prince Charlie./ re Lord of Hosts-True, the Hebrew word Tsvaout comes from the root Tsadie, Vet, Aleph, from which the Hebrew word Tsvaah, army, comes. However, you have fallen victim to translational malaise. Tsvaout--by itself-- is one of the seven names for God, and means Hosts or Armies on its own (Not 'Lord of Hosts'). Thus Yahweh Tsvaout means Untranslatable Hosts (Yahweh is frequently translated as Lord. This translation bears no relation to the Hebrew root). The word Tsvaout is fairly ancient. It shows up in 8th century b.c.e Greek curse tablets as a 'power word' (like Abracadabra). I therefore doubt it is related to Hyena.

Apa-Filk 40

Filkers Do It/Groot- It was good to meet you at Worldcon. Jersey Flats/Rogow- Informative report. I knew some of this from working registration. Clean up afterward followed suit, when the truck we were supposed to load things onto on Tue Morning failed to arrive (when I left at noon it was 3 hrs late.)/Filk got better as the con went on and we got access to more rooms./ re Pousse Cafe- I checked the Boston Brand Bar book. Aousse cafe is a style of drink, with each layer floated on top of each other for effect. Included is a list of specific weights for some sixteen or so alcohols. They are NOT all supposed to be used at once!/ Got "The Trek Goes On," good job.

D.C. Al Fine/Mike Stein- raebnc.

SingSpiel/Blackman- ditto.

Anakreon/Boardman- re my verses- I thought I explained why these verses appeared in this form in my cover letter. For my Classical Mythology paper last year, I wrote 15 or so original verses of TROTR, claimed to have discovered a hitherto unknown slave cult, and analyzed the verses as 'evidence.' It was therefore necessary that points made by the instructor (fear of mortals by gods and how gods alternately help and destroy) had to be included in the verses. (BTW, I left out those verses which dealt with some of the more esoteric points raised in class.) Grade= A, for which I was awarded a 'Master of B.S.' at Philcon./North's acquittal without a pardon now seems assured, given the recent 'national security' dodge./'Soldier' also refers to those who defend their territory from invaders./In Japan, the national anthem is known as 'The Sumo Wrestling Song', since the only place most Japanese hear it is before a match.

Self-Plug Dept: Announcing an all new filk newszine.

MetaFilk, Published by Charlie Asbornsen and myself, will be bi-monthly (starting in February) and contain only news. No articles or filks will be accepted. We will also try to coordinate the effort to get a filk on the 'otherforms'

hugo. I have sent out letters to the various filk companies and fanzines that I could find addresses of, and asked each to send a list of songs eligible for the upcoming hugo. We will publish the list in February, and ask readers to send us a vote for their choice. We will publish the results in April and ask everyone going to Worldcon to vote for this filk. This way, we can avoid the 'scatter' problem of several songs each not receiving enough votes. (Duane Elms reports that 'Dawson's Christian' did receive enough votes, and got dumped anyway.) Subscription cost is \$5/yr or \$7/yr for overseas. (Use American currency only, please.) Make checks payable to Harold Feld or Charlie Asbornsen. For subscriptions and info, write to:

Charlie Asbornsen
2026 E 55th St
Brooklyn, NY 11234

Con Report Dept: Philcon was good, with very many Filkers in attendance (whom I will not try to name for fear of missing some). Charlie and I spent most of the time composing, gossiping, or filking. I did some volunteer work as well. Darkover, surprisingly enough, also went well. Last year, the bardic was of the way ose kind (25 most depressing songs of the middle ages) and the alternative was the 'Julia Ecklar Show.' Fortunately, this year was different. Friday had a good alternation between singers and harpists/recorder players. Saturday I actually attended a bit of programing. A friend of mine ran a game called 'Darkover Jeopardy'. Against my better judgement, I decided to participate. Each potential entrant had to come up with the most original answer to the question: "You are trapped in a small room--empty, save for a bed-- in the abandoned Aldaran section of the castle at Caer Donn, and blocking your path is none other than Dom Kyril or Dyan Ardaïs (depending on whether you're female or male). You have only 1) One of Regis Hastur's slippers. 2) A broken Star Trek(tm) communicator. 3) A vial containing one shot (1 3/4 ounces) of Saurian Brandy. 4) A cigarette. You are dressed in a dirty shift. What do you do? (My own response: "Being an ardent reader of Slash fiction, I throw away the communicator, share a toast with the Dom out of Regis' slipper, tear off the shift, and save the cigarette for afterwards.") My friend (Linda Sax) and I had planned to do a hymn sing that night, but it was pre-empted for the 'Julia Ecklar Show'. Fortunately, the filking on Saturday night was the same high caliber as Friday night's, with the mood lightened a bit by the home-brewed mead thoughtfully provided by a fellow SCAer and Double Exposure player. Greg Baker and Claire Maier (Sp?) showed up. Claire left early, not feeling all that well and not wanting to miss the football action the next day. Greg also left early. (When I saw him, he had lost about 25 lbs and was looking good.)

New Filks Dept: Charlie and I wrote this, to prove we really could do a serious song.

Title: Ode To a Dead Dream (A warning) by H Feld & C
Asbornsen
Tune: Dust In The Wind by Kansas

Space was ours
Only for the moment, now the moments gone
All our dreams
Died when we ran out of curiosity

Dust in our hands, all we hold is dust in our hands.

The same old song
Visions drowned by endless mediocrity
Hope is dead
Killed by an insensitive bureaucracy

Chorus

If we'd hung on
We'd have found our future out beyond the sky
It slipped away
And all our grieving won't return the chance to fly

Dust in our hands, all we hold is dust in our hands
Dust in our hands, everything is dust in our hands

Closing remarks Dept: I will be at Boskone this year,
hopefully with copies of MetaFilk. Two weeks latter, I
will be at Gambit, a Blake's 7 con, where I may or may not
be running filking (but there will be some, I promise
that!). I should also be at Lunacon and Balticon (how I
manage this and Thesis should be interesting). Until next
time folks!

BEM

"Japanese Theater, just say Noh!"--me

ANAKREON

#41, APA-Filk 10th Anniversary Mailing #41

1. February 1989

THE LITTLE FRENCH PILL

(Tune: "A Little Tin Box")

"Mrs. A, you have three small children,
And you're busy constantly.
Yet you love your husband dearly and you say he's good in bed -
Tell me, how do you stop at three?"

"Once upon a time I thought there was no answer,
And I fretted so, it made me pale and wan.
But some very welcome news came in from France, sir,
And since then I've put my firm reliance on -

CHORUS: "Just a little French pill, a little French pill,
~~Five~~-four-eight-six fills the bill.
Follow up love and laughter on the next morning after
With the little French pill,
With the little French pill."

"Young Miss B., you're a high school sweetheart,
And you date a lot of guys,
And you spend each weekend evening in the back seat of a car -
Tell me now, do you think that's wise?"

"I can see you think I ~~may~~ be having babies,
But there isn't any meaning to your joke.
There are never any ifs or buts or maybes
If the morning after I wash down with Coke -

CHORUS:

"You, Ms. C., are a yuppie lawyer,
With a chance for Supreme Court,
But will you still spend your evenings with the men you meet in bars
If it's illegal to abort?"

"Yes, I still am going to do a lot of smuggling,
And a scandal is a thing I do not fear,
For I know that there will be a lot of smuggling
Of the item that will keep my record clear -

CHORUS:

(By a curious coincidence there has just been a revival on Broadway of Fiorello,
the musical whose funniest song is "A Little Tin Box".)

YESTERFILK

XVIII. Take Me Out to the Old Ball Game

This is the slack season for sports fans. Football ended a couple of weeks ago, and the baseball season won't begin for another two months. They are playing soccer in the tropics and the southern hemisphere, but unless there's a Spanish-language TV station in your area, you won't get to see any of it. So people have to make do with junk sports like basketball and hockey and sumo wrestling, until the first "Grapefruit League" games start showing up on televisior.

To tide me over this dearth, I recently read Harvey Frommer's book Primitive Baseball (1988, Atheneum, N. Y.) This is a history of professional baseball in America, from its beginnings up to the foundation of the two-major-league structure in 1900. The story is a familiar one - stars who negotiate exorbitant contracts which they then break when a better offer appears, dictatorial team owners, substance abuse problems, unruly spectators, and fights with umpires.

This was the theme song of the first high-profile professional baseball club, the Cincinnati Red Stockings (1867-1870). Except for the last three lines, the tune seems to be "The Bonnie Blue Flag".

We are a band of baseball players
From Cincinnati city.
We come to toss the ball around
And sing to you our ditty.
And if you listen to our song
We are about to sing,

We'll tell you all about baseball
And make the welkin ring.

The ladies want to know
Who are those gallant men in stockings red, they'd like to know.

The tune "The Bonnie Blue Flag" makes a better agreement with the above words if you assume that Frommer left out the words "Hurrah, hurrah" where I have left a blank in his version, above.

The following verses were probably sung to the tune "Just Before the Battle, Mother". The first eight lines, all my source provided, were printed in ANAKREON #35 a year and a half ago.

Mother, may I slug the umpire,
May I slug him right away?
So he cannot be here, Mother,
When the clubs begin to play?
Let me clasp his throat, dear Mother,
In a dear, delightful grip,
With one hand, and with the other
Bat him several in the lip.

Let me climb his frame, dear Mother,
While the happy people shout:
I'll not kill him, dearest Mother,
I will only knock him out.
Let me mop the ground up, Mother,
With his person, dearest, do;
If the ground can stand it, Mother,
I don't see why you can't too.

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk goes to anyone who wants to get it, and who either picks up copies here in person or sends a few dollars for postage and packing. The following balances for these postage accounts are as of 31 January 1989. Anything that comes in between that date and the mailing out of this present 41st Mailing, and the costs of this mailing, are reflected in the revised balance given in the blank to the right. In addition to postage costs, the envelope costs 25¢. Accounts that fall into arrears will be suspended.

If a suspended account has a positive balance, it means that that person's copies of past Mailings have come back in the mail, and that I do not have a current address for him or her. Anyone who can supply a current address for any of these people should send it in, and I will get off to that person the Mailings that have been missed since the account was suspended.

Active Accounts

Greg Baker	\$4.69	Doreen Miller	\$9.96
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Michael Rubin	\$1.68
Gerald Collins	\$1.50	Kathy Sands	\$2.38
Bob Fitch	\$5.00	Pete Seeger	\$8.75
Harold Groot	\$9.03	Karen Shaub	\$5.47
Jordin Kare	\$8.60	Glenn Simser	\$9.23
Cheryl Lloyd	\$13.02	Beverly Slayton	\$18.09
J. Spencer Love	\$10.92	Mike Stein	\$11.16
Lois Mangan	\$9.49	Peter Thiesen	\$4.22
Matthew Marcus	\$4.09	Sol Weber	\$3.84
Margaret Middleton	\$8.16		

In addition, Roberta Rogow gets APA-Filk in trade and Harold Feld, Bob Lipton, Lana Raymond, and Jane Sibley get it on their APA-Q accounts.

Inactive Accounts

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢
Sally & Barry		Deirdre & Jim	
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Rittenhouse	\$1.40
Sean Cleary	-38¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Nick Simicich	-69¢
Mistie Joyce	\$6.86	Dana Snow	-15¢
Leslie Lyons	-49¢	Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Randall McDougall	-65¢	Paul Willett	\$1.37

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is a quarterly amateur publication on filksongs and filksinging. It is published on the first days of February, May, August, and November by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. It circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association which is collated at this same address and schedule. APA-Filk was founded by Bob Lipton ten years ago.

The copy count of APA-Filk is 60. If you wish to contribute, send in 60 copies of your contribution, printed on 8½ x 11 inch paper. (Or, if you prefer, send in one copy and enough money so I can get it photoduplicated locally.) The date of the 42nd Mailing is Monday 1 May 1989, and contributions intended for that Mailing should come in by then.

In addition to circulating through APA-Filk, ANAKREON goes to all people who receive my science-fiction fanzine DAGON.

The cover for this 10th anniversary Mailing of APA-Filk was done by Mark Blackman. Filkers Do It Till Dawn (Groot): Congratulations on getting the Windbourne tape published over all those difficulties.

Jersey Flats #17 (Rogow): Nolacon horror stories have been the regular diet of fandom since September. The consensus of opinion is "Never again!" St. Louis achieved similar obloquy after a disastrous Worldcon there in 1969, and it will be a long time before either city is again considered.

Pousse-cafes are for showing, not for drinking. This is particularly true of a chemical pousse-cafe - that is to say, a number of liquids, immiscible along their interfaces, which can be stacked in one beaker. The record number is five. From top to bottom they are ether, water, carbon disulphide, gallium, and mercury. This is usually demonstrated with only four liquids, since gallium is very expensive. I have heard it said that you could even shake up this

This is

O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves

1534

beaker, and the five layers would settle out again. I am not certain of this, though, since I suspect that the ether and carbon disulphide might mix.

Congratulations on the Silver Anniversary. Perdita and I had ours in August - or, rather, we did not have it, since we made no formal commemoration of it.

D. C. al Fine #2 (Stein): I'm glad to hear that you got your guitar back and repaired. No wonder Braniff is going broke!

Singspiel #40 (Blackman): I quite agree with the sentiments expressed in "I Am the Very Model of a Candidate Political". Its target, Jimmy Carter, has not been made palatable even by the manifest incompetence of his successor; there is no Carter nostalgia at all, compared with the Hoover nostalgia that afflicted the Republicans for decades after his defeat. Future historians are simply not going to believe that Ford and Carter were once Presidents.

The same is true of the people since presented as candidates by Carter's party. Sousa's "Liberty Bell March" was, as you point out, altogether appropriate for the Dukakis nomination; the whole Democratic Party sounds like something out of the Monty Python Show whose theme it is.

Generally, the 40th Mailing was rather meager. It had only 26 pages, of which 14 including two collage covers were mine. I fear that this 41st Mailing may be even leaner, as very little has as of now come in for it. For all the subscribers APA-Filk has, there are very few contributors.

GRACELESS NOTES

At present I only have the schedule of the Good Coffee House through Friday 17 March, the birthdate of that Welsh missionary whom the Irish so admire. On 17 February, Dan Sterobin, "a really hot ragtime and blues guitarist from Philadelphia" will be singing there. On 3 March, Ralph Litwin, twice winner of the New Jersey Old Style Banjo Championship. He also plays guitar, ukelele, and harmonica.

The St. Patrick's Day performers will be Charlie O'Hagerty, Frank Woerner, and David Jones. (One of the good saint's fellow Welshmen did make it, I see.) This will be "a festive evening of sea songs, bawdy songs, music hall and ballads."

The Good Coffeehouse functions on the first and third Friday evenings of every month except in the summer, at the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park West, in Brooklyn on Prospect Park West between 1st and 2nd Streets. The doors open at 8:45 and the show starts at 9:30. Admission is \$5, and plentiful refreshments are served. For further information call 718-768-2972 on these evenings after 8:00.

Presumably there will be further Good Coffee House sessions after March, but thus far I have not received a schedule for them.

*

Mark Blackman has promised a cover for this Mailing of APA-Filk, so you will be spared yet another of my collages. At present this cover and a page from Mark, two pages from Roberta Rogow, four from Harold Feld, and these six of ANAKREON are going to be all of the 10th Anniversary Mailing of APA-Filk. If this is a subtle way for APA-Filk recipients to tell us that a filksinging amateur press association has outlived its usefulness, the more active members of the apa won't like it, but we can live with it.

I have the unusually small number of six pages in this Mailing, partly because the creative impulse has been a bit meager lately, and partly because a new semester has just begun and time is short. Several clippings and 'zines, on which I had expected to comment, will just have to sit around until the 42nd Mailing in May.

*

Although he dropped out of APA-Filk several years ago, Elliot K. Shorter was at one time one of the major influences on the New York City s-f fan and filk scene. (He now runs a bookshop in Providence, one of the last survivors of that kind of antiquarian bookshop where the proprietor can speak knowledgeably of the "volumes of quaint and curious forgotten lore.") Elliot's mother died last week, and on 2 February a num-

(continued on p. 6)

NORTH OF THE MARINES AND SOUTH OF GOOD TASTE

Six months ago, on the first page of ANAKREON #39, I put my reaction to the international military, political, and financial scandal generally called "Iran-Contra"; though I personally prefer the New Republic's "Iranamok", or an unreconstructed Latinist's "Contra Mundum". They are now picking the jury before which Lieutenant Criminal Oliver North will be tried, so we can expect this matter to get back into the headlines again.

Not long after ANAKREON #39 appeared, a copy got to Faith Craig Petric, who was considering it for publication in the folk music bimonthly Broadside. (\$12 a year from P. O. Box 670, Cathedral Station, New York, N. Y. 10025) My song, "The Man Who Smuggles the Contras' Guns" to the tune of "The Man Who Waters the Workers' Beer", achieved publication in the November-December 1988 issue, #187, but not without some questions being raised in both our minds.

The problems come up in the last verse:

"They told me when I went to war against the Viet Cong
 Whatever's anti-Communist can't possibly be wrong.
 Now everybody jokes about my secretary's jugs -
 Why don't they all admire me when I smuggle the Contras' drugs?"

Petric asked, quite reasonably, what Fawn Hall's physical attributes have to do with the mess she had been dragged into by the slippery gun-runner for whom she worked, and who in turn seems to have been working under the direct instructions of President Reagan.

To answer this you have to have followed the televised testimony which North and Hall and others gave, under a poorly considered grant of immunity from prosecution, before a congressional investigating committee a few years ago. Both of them traded on their public images to win sympathy from the American people. In conventional sex-role stereotyping, men are "supposed" to be handsome and brave, and women are "supposed" to be beautiful and loyal. In their carefully orchestrated appearances before the committee, North and Hall played these stereotypes for all they were worth. Hall could have done just as discreditable a part in the mess if she looked like Martha Mitchell, but she has played her looks to her advantage, and I feel no compunctions about pointing the fact out in the song. I was scarcely alone in this; North and Hall jokes were going the rounds then, and will probably be augmented now. ("What does Fawn Hall always take with her on a date?" "Contra-ceptives.")

While militarists are trying to play up this mythology of the brave, handsome, anti-Communist officer who didn't let mere laws stop him in doing what was right, and, his beautiful and loyal aide who believes that "There are times when you have to go above the written law," the rest of us are going to have to wonder just how much good it does our country to have members of its officer corps smuggling drugs and weapons, using as an excuse a suppositious international conspiracy that is Out To Get Them. If the U. S. armed forces have their own private foreign policy, independent of the one formulated by the people we are supposed to be paying to do this, then it's about time we found this out. And their good looks are not going to save from public scorn or from prison sentences the men and women who have been engaged in these crimes.

I tried to work out something that might be more acceptable, but the best I could come up with was this substitution for the third and fourth lines:

"Now everybody jokes about my secretary's buns -
 Why don't they all admire me when I smuggle the Contras' guns?"

"Buns" are one part of the body customarily given critical inspection by members of both sexes.

Still, this doesn't really meet the issue. In principal, Fawn Hall's body is as irrelevant as George Bush's chin, or Michael Dukakis's nose or height. (At the Repub-

lican National Convention, a woman was seen carrying a sign: "Beware of Greeks wearing lifts.") Yet caricature in cartoons is accepted as a legitimate form of art, and why not also caricature in song? If this country's imperfectly democratic institutions are ever replaced by a military dictatorship, will we feel any better because one of our new masters is a handsome, brave Marine officer with a beautiful and loyal secretary? Will we regret having made them figures of fun?

I don't think so.

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This same issue of Broadside started off with no fewer than four union songs. I wonder whether the enthusiasts for folk music have really thought over what that means. For over twenty years now it has been obvious the first concern of labor unions is to beat Pacifists into a bloody pulp. Wages, hours, working conditions, sexual or ethnic discrimination, are all secondary matters. Let a union man find out that there is someone in his vicinity who prefers peace to war, and he will go in swinging. If, as I believe, President Bush will seek to "busy giddy minds with foreign quarrels", we will once again see Pacifist demonstrators coming into the streets - and union men trying to kick them into the gutters.

In Reagan's time there was an example of this. He appointed a "blue-ribbon commission" to study Central America and come up with an endorsement of his plan to support the Contras in Nicaragua. This the commission dutifully did. One of its members was Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO ("M - O - U - S - E!"), who sat at the right hand of his predecessor George Meany when Meany cast his blessings on the attacks on protesters against the Vietnam War. If the labor union members of America would rather starve because the money that could have given them jobs has instead been wasted on war, I am in favor of letting them reap the benefits of the policy they have worked so hard to enforce.

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 4)

ber of us saw him, some for the first time in years, at her wake in an old Harlem mansion that once belonged to John Ringling North. Our condolences go to him, and to his father Judge Kenneth Shorter, to his sister Ann, niece Alexis, and cousins Velma and Vincent Bowen.

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This issue of ANAKREON and APA-Filk is going to be mailed out sometime on the weekend of 4-5 February 1989. However, I expect to be able to assemble the 42nd Mailing within 24 hours of the deadline - the mail delivery date of Monday 1 May 1989. Please remember that if you live outside the New York City metropolitan area, you cannot count on mail getting here in less than a week.

ANAKREON #41

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In this issue: Little French
pills and big American trials.